

frown down those whom some are pleased to consider irregulars, build up individuals, rival institutions, and promote the prosperity of those to whom they refuse the right hand of fellowship.—*Medical World.*

#### LITTLE PILLS—EXPERIENCE.

The enemies of homeopathy love to ridicule it, because of its reliance upon what they facetiously style "those little pills." They will not consider any real proposition basing its merits upon a law, and not upon the simple amount of medicine prescribed. No. "Homeopathy is a humbug," they say, "because it gives such small doses that it is impossible for it to do any good." Now, we would simply inquire what it is that has regulated the dose of medicines as administered by the allopath? Why is a grain of opium recommended instead of an ounce? or an eighth or a fourth of a grain of morphine preferred to a whole grain, as an ordinary dose? Why give so much less of tartar emetic, phosphorus, croton oil, or prussic acid, than of Ipecacuanha, quinine, castor oil, or camphor? If big doses make the distinction between "Regulars" and "Irregulars," why be half-way heroic? What is not ponderous is paltry, remember. If a grain will do good, an ounce *must* do more; and if you give an ounce, why not a pound? As Paddy reasoned that two stoves would economise the whole of his wood if one would save half, so why should you withhold a thumping dose of medicine where it is called for at all? For this reason only—that EXPERIENCE has taught, and is teaching men, that, beyond a certain amount in each particular case, the employment of drugs is positively injurious. Tartar emetic could not be safely given in the same dose as Ipecac.; phosphorus as quinine; neither croton as castor oil. *Experience* has pointed out the general fact that all medicines have both a poisonous and a curative power. Beyond a certain limit in amount, they are constitutionally injurious. Within that limit, if rightly prescribed, they may, and can only be curative. Now, from an experience which allopaths have not had, we unhesitatingly declare them still prone to exceed the limits of safety; and that their ordinary doses occasion such poisonous and unnecessary results as are most grossly unscientific and improper. Experience tells them that too much is only too much, while she would whisper it kindly in their own ears, also, *if they would only hear*, that these "little pills," though so much despised, are a safer, more effectual, and more thoroughly scientific media of cure than can possibly be found in their whole catalogue of aggressives. It is a fact, and yet they will not see it. Experience has completed her mission with them. No use to investigate further. A grain is safer than ounce, but it is absurd to think that grains themselves could be graduated even yet further into divisions capable of multiplying their latent or consequent good. The science has come to a stand-still. Advancement is innovation. "Homeopathy is a humbug, and little pills are all nonsense," they say.